

"DEATH PACT" LETTERS IN POISON DRAMA.

GIRL SURVIVOR IN LOVE TRAGEDY ACCUSED OF MURDER.

The conclusion of a coroner's jury that two lovers intended to take their lives resulted in a charge of wilful murder being brought against a domestic servant named Elizabeth Kirkham, 22, the survivor of a poison drama in a field.

This was a sequel to a Worcester inquest on John Wm. Holloway, 24, a Royal Marine, who was found dead from the effects of a poison, Kirkham, who said poison was forced down her throat, was remanded till Wednesday.

The couple, it was stated, were engaged, and went for a walk, but did not return that night. The next morning Holloway was found dead, and Kirkham very ill in a field. She was taken to the infirmary, but had sufficiently recovered to give evidence at the inquest.

A letter found on Holloway and signed by him, read:—

Dear Mother and to all at home,—I darsay that you are all on thorns over me not going back to my time, but, to speak the truth, I am rather put out in my mind. I have found no future to look forward to, so that this will find with me, as do not think me at all in case. I know what I am doing.—With fondest love to all, from your son, Will. Goodbye.

Letters discovered in the woman's pocket read as follows:—

To Miss Kirkham, 13, Platt-st., High-town, Hednesford, Staffordshire,—My dear Alice,—... Well, dear, you will want to know I am writing like this, but it is to tell you I am tired of my life, so I am putting an end to it to-night, also Will. Do not think hard of me, as all's well that ends well.

The one who finds this—Will you kindly return to Miss Annie Jones, Fairview, Lichfield, Doe Bank, Sutton Coldfield. This is a request from Miss L. Kirkham to Miss A. Jones. Will you kindly bequeath that all articles enclosed may be safely handed over to my loving sister Fanny, also the case that was handed to me as a present from my boy. I hope you will kindly do this as a last favour for me, and oblige me, your loving friend, Lizzie Kirkham. This is my sole wish, so good-bye and the best of luck, from two lovers who find rest a pleasant future.—Miss Elizabeth Kirkham, late of Oakengates, Lichfield-rd., Sutton Coldfield.

Kirkham, questioned by the coroner,

said she purchased some salts of lemon to clean Holloway's hat, and later that evening Holloway offered her something from the bottle, which she refused.

Coroner: You refused it—Yes, and he forced it between my teeth, but I didn't take much.

Did Holloway take any?—Yes, he took some himself afterwards.

Did you and he ever agree to take poison together?—No, sir.

The girl was shown the letter "To my dear Alice," and admitted this was in her handwriting, adding, "He forced me to write that."

Coroner: This is the letter saying: "I am tired of my life—I am putting an end to it to-night."

Witness: He made me write that. Did you know what it meant?—No; I did not know that he had got any poison with him; he told me it was for the grease. He made me write the letter in front of him. I did not know what it meant.

Witness was next shown the letter containing "the request" to Miss Jones.

"That is not in my handwriting," she said, firmly. "I know nothing whatever about it. It was not Holloway's writing."

Witness added that she did not know that Holloway was going to do what he did. He often said that he did not want to go back to his ship; he was tired of it, and did not like to leave her.

The jury found that there was an agreement to commit suicide, and the coroner said that must mean a verdict against the girl.

Against this the jury urged that it was clearly a case of suicide, but the coroner pointed out that in the case of a compact of suicide, if one survived, that one was in law a murderer.



JAPAN'S DARK HOUR.—East is East and West is West and this is where the two shall meet.

TEA TABLE TRAGEDY.

CLERK GETS TEN YEARS FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER

Rodney Geary, the 27-year-old London clerk, arrested in the City on a charge of attempting to murder his sweetheart, Miss Josephine O'Reilly, was sentenced by Mr. Justice Swift, at the Old Bailey, to ten years' penal servitude.

Geary appeared stunned when the judge pronounced sentence, and Miss O'Reilly fainted.

Mr. Eustace Fulton, who prosecuted, said that Geary had attempted on several occasions to resume an engagement with Miss O'Reilly, which she had broken off.

With the object of trying to persuade him to change his mind the young woman promised to have tea with him.

At the tea table Geary asked, "Is this final?" to which the young woman replied, "Yes," and within a few minutes, in the George Yard, he had stabbed her and tried to kill himself.

A letter found on Geary at the time of arrest, addressed to a London daily paper, began: "I pen for your columns the story of my suicide," and went on to attack women in general for their "heartless cruelty."

READER'S LOYALTY.

SUPPORTER OF "THE PEOPLE" SINCE SECOND ISSUE

Mr. A. J. Morris, of Chobham-place, Cottage, Chobham, Surrey, a staunch supporter of "The People" since its second number, has sent us some interesting facts relating to his efforts to obtain his favourite paper in various parts of the country.

"I started with No. 2 from Mr. Middleton, The Wash, Hertsford," he writes. "After a few years I moved, in 1880, to Nuneham Park, Oxford. There I had to be content with the Saturday edition, bought by a lad who went to Oxford market. In 1890 I moved to Kingston Bagpize, Abingdon, and had it by post from the office. In 1900 I moved to Buxton, Abingdon, where I obtained it from a newsagent on Sunday morning.

"Then, in 1901, I went to Bowdon Hill, Chippendale, and was obliged to fall back on the office again, until six years later I came to Compton Bassett, Abingdon, and was supplied with my favourite paper every Sunday by a man who came from Calne.

"In 1911 I moved to Downton Castle, Ludlow, from whence my son cycled to Ludlow, 7 miles each Sunday morning to obtain 'The People,' and when, in 1918, I took up residence at Westington Hall, Beccles, he cycled 11 miles to get it. Later, at Ringfield Hall, my daughter cycled four miles each Sunday for my paper.

"Now I have it delivered to me every Sunday at my present address, and I think you will admit that you have not many more staunch supporters of 'The People.'"

WHAT DO OTHER READERS SAY?

BUSY BURGLARS.

Several burglaries have taken place during the past few days in the Newbury and Thornton Heath districts. Mr. R. Chapman, of London-road, Thornton Heath, from whose home a quantity of jewellery was stolen, has offered a reward of £200 for the arrest of the thieves and the recovery of the property.

BABY KILLED IN FRAM.

A motor-car driven by Mr. H. Redger, of Brighton, was going through a mist at night along the East Dean road near Eastbourne, when it collided with a four-wheeled cart containing an 11-month-old child which was being pushed by Mrs. Abrahams, wife of a labourer living near by.

The baby succumbed to its injuries yesterday. Mrs. Abrahams is in a critical condition.

The popular excursion steamer between Kingston-on-Thames and Oxford will continue to run daily excepting September 10th. Conditions of service and fares are given by the Great Western and Southern Railways.

GLASS EYE MAN.

CHARGE OF DRUNKENNESS DISMISSED.

The charge against Stanley James Watson, of Richmond, of being drunk while in control of a motor-car was dismissed by the magistrate at West London yesterday.

At a previous hearing it was stated that a doctor who was called to Hammersmith Police Station to examine Watson on this charge failed to notice that the man had a glass eye.

At yesterday's hearing, two other men who were in the car said Watson was quite sober.

The magistrate, after observing that he could pay no attention to the doctor's evidence, added that the defence had brought forward very strong evidence that Watson was sober.

"In any case," said the magistrate, "I am not convinced that the defendant was drunk, and he will be discharged."

HUSBAND'S LAMENT.

STORY OF WIFE'S DANCES IN THE EARLY HOURS.

Accusations were made against a Brighton town councillor by Henry Ernest Smith, an advertising agent, who was charged at Brighton yesterday with being in arrears with wife maintenance.

Smith said his wife and the councillor had been going about arm-in-arm, and had been dancing together in the early hours of the morning.

Two of his children had been sent away, and he could not discover their whereabouts. "This has all been done at the instigation of this man," he added, and asked the magistrates to rescind the order.

The wife said she was doing secretarial work to support herself and children. The Mayor said that Smith would be committed to prison for a month, but the warrant would be suspended for 14 days to give him an opportunity to pay. He could then take other proceedings if necessary.

SALVING SUNKEN BRIDGE.

Harwich-Zebrugge Ferry Opening Not to be Long Delayed.

The iron ferry bridge, which sank off Harwich on Tuesday during its voyage to that port from Southampton, has been located, and steps will be taken to raise it without delay.

This bridge was originally erected at Southampton, as were other ferry bridges at Richborough, Dunkirk and Calais, by the well-known contractors, Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., who had also made themselves responsible for the transport of the bridge to Harwich.

As the firm is well acquainted with this class of work, it is not expected that the opening of the Harwich-Zebrugge ferry will be much delayed beyond the anticipated time, namely, the end of October. The sunken bridge weighs about 220 tons, and if it is not possible to use it again immediately after its recovery from the sea, it will, of course, be replaced.

HUNT FOR MANSAVANT.

While Colonel Arthur Woods, of St. George's, Finsbury, N.W., was asleep in his bedroom, a dressing-case containing valuables estimated to be worth £200 was stolen from the wardrobe. The police are searching for a manservant who has disappeared.

The missing articles include a gold wristwatch, a gold bracelet set with turquoise, a platinum ring set in diamonds, a savings bank book issued at Aberfeldy, two books of 12 War Savings Certificates, and two War Bonds.

CONSERVATIVES' CHOICE.

Sir Allan Burgin was yesterday elected as prospective Conservative candidate for Mid-Bucks, in view of the decision of the present member, Mr. Lionel de Rothschild, not to stand again at the next election.

ASYLUMS BOARD QUARREL OVER WOMAN DOCTOR.

DEMAND FOR NEW INQUIRY INTO CRUELTY CHARGES REFUSED.

Heated scenes occurred at yesterday's meeting of the Metropolitan Asylums Board to consider the case of Dr. Churchill, formerly woman medical officer at Downs Hospital for Children, Banstead, who recently resigned her position, following extraordinary allegations of ill-treatment, made by nurses at an inquest on a child patient.

Letters from Dr. Churchill, asking for an inquiry and for permission to withdraw her resignation, were considered, both requests being refused by large majorities.

This roused keen feeling among individual members, and Mr. Jones, of Hammersmith, then made a remarkable statement.

"I wish to state publicly," he said, "that Dr. Churchill was forced to resign. The medical superintendent wanted to drive her out that same night, and said that the committee was waiting for her resignation."

The Rev. C. E. Somerville: Nothing of the kind.

Mr. Jones: I will call you a liar in public, if you like. This thing is not going to stop where it is.

The Clerk explained that what occurred was that Dr. Churchill was advised by her solicitor to resign, and he (the Clerk) was informed by telephone of her decision.

In the first of her letters, dated Aug. 2, Dr. Churchill said:—

"I gather from the report of the sub-committee, which has gone into the allegations made against myself, that it is not your intention to hold any further inquiry."

"I have already denied the truth of the allegations made at the inquest, a denial which, I may point out, was entirely supported by the medical profession. More at the moment I cannot say. These unfounded allegations have caused me intense pain. I may say that the allegations having been made, the only thing I could do in the best interests of the hospital was to resign."

"My consideration for the hospital to which I was attached came first. Some, at any rate, of the members of the Board viewed my resignation as a matter of cowardice, and, indeed, as an admission of guilt. I can assure you nothing was further from my mind. I should be prepared to meet the charges and to demonstrate that the charges are without foundation."

The second letter, dated Sept. 8, pointed out that an inquiry had been asked for by a board of guardians, and added: "I most earnestly request that the Board will urge that the inquiry be made, in order that the facts of the case may be ascertained and that I be allowed to withdraw my resignation in order to facilitate the Board's inquiry."

The chairman, Mr. Walter Eickhoff, said that the child had had three previous operations before being admitted to the hospital. An operation was performed, and on July 21 the child died of meningitis.

Two days later, gossip reached the medical superintendent of alleged ill-treatment, and the whole of the information was sent to the coroner, who ordered an inquest.

An independent doctor found no marks or evidence of ill-treatment. The

verdict was natural causes. The question of the doctor's position was taken out of the Board's hands because she resigned right away.

A full inquiry was made, and the action that the Board considered necessary was taken.

Judging by the answers that the Minister of Health gave in the House of Commons, he was perfectly satisfied with what the Board had done," added the chairman. "We had a letter from the N.S.P.C.C. asking for particulars. The whole of the particulars were given them and, in reply, they said that the Committee appeared to have dealt well with the very difficult circumstances."

The chairman concluded by moving that the Hammersmith Guardians (who wrote asking for an inquiry) be informed that a full inquiry having been made, no good purpose could be served by reopening it.

The Rev. C. E. Somerville said that having carefully questioned the nurses personally he had no hesitation in believing the doctor.

BOARD'S DECISION.

Canon Sprankling suggested an inquiry by the Ministry of Health.

Mr. Jones, of Hammersmith, pressed for a full inquiry.

"I am perfectly aware," he said, "that we cannot go behind what has happened. Many people believe the allegations against Dr. Churchill, and she is ruined. Don't burke an inquiry."

"The Press represent the views of the public, and it has asked, with unanimity, for an inquiry."

Colonel Sir William Smith said that the allegations made were of a most serious nature from the point of view of the good government of the hospitals.

"It is said," he continued, "that the child was kicked and her hair torn out. If the allegations were true the Board had no right to accept the resignation; if untrue, the nurses who made them ought to have been dismissed. It is most unfortunate that Dr. Churchill resigned. She made a mistake and now asks to be allowed to withdraw her resignation."

"The allegations are a slur on the women of the medical profession."

Mr. Sumner (Poplar) complained bitterly against the refusal to hold an inquiry.

"If the child had belonged to a member of the Board," he declared, "all the powers in the land would be roused."

The original resolution, as moved by the chairman, was carried, and it was decided to send a letter to Dr. Churchill informing her of the Board's decision, and stating that it was impossible to allow her to withdraw her resignation.

\$45,000 RATES FOR STRIKE.

Hint that Men should Repay Loans

I was officially stated at the meeting of West Ham Board of Guardians that the recent dock strike had cost the ratepayers £45,000, or a rate of 3½d. in the £.

Mr. Walsh said a part of the money was advanced to the men by way of a loan, and he expected that some of them would pay it back in due course.

AIRMAN KILLS HIMSELF IN PRESENCE OF GIRL HE LOVED.

DRAWING ROOM PROPOSAL AND TRAGEDY.

In the tranquil surroundings of a drawing-room in a quiet suburban road a young Air Force lieutenant made his third proposal of marriage to a beautiful girl, from whom he thought he would shortly have to part.

The girl, an artist of some promise, refused him, and a moment later the unsuccessful suitor shot himself through the heart. That, in brief, is the tragic story of Flight Lieutenant Claud Bucknall, of Northolt, Middlesex, upon whom an inquest will be held to-morrow.

The tragedy occurred at Iverne-gardens, a thoroughfare off Kensington High-st., in a flat occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Francis Chapman and their daughter Grace.

Lieutenant Bucknall, who had known Miss Chapman for some time, and held her in great esteem, called at about five o'clock on the evening of the tragedy.

When invited to have tea, he declined, but later agreed to stay to dinner.

While Mr. and Mrs. Chapman were dressing for dinner, the final scene of the distressing drama of unrequited love was being enacted.

Although Miss Chapman welcomed Mr. Bucknall as a friend, she had on two former occasions rejected his proposals of marriage, mainly because she

considered herself "wedded to her art," as her father said.

However, the young officer determined to press his suit once more, and this time he was as unsuccessful as before, so after Miss Chapman had rejected his proposal he turned away.

"Is that your last word to me?" he asked, and when she nodded, he slipped out the revolver and pulled the trigger, the bullet penetrating his heart.

"We had only known the lieutenant a couple of months," said Miss Chapman's father, "and I myself had only met him perhaps six times in all. He was a quiet-mannered young fellow, and we grew to like him. He first met my daughter at the flat of a mutual friend, and thus began an acquaintance which ripened into friendship."

"There has never been anything one could call love-making, and we had no reason to think that anything of this sort would happen."

"I know Lieutenant Bucknall served in the war, and that he crashed twice, as well as being a prisoner in Germany. He was 31, just a year older than my daughter."



Lieut. Bucknall.

Last Few Weeks.

"To fight germs and bacteria You must have money . . ."

—WORDS BY THE PRICE.

£1,000 for 1/-

THE GREAT ST. PAUL'S HOSPITAL COMPETITION

IS NOW DRAWING TO A CLOSE

If you have not got your tickets, secure them NOW. Don't leave it to a last-minute rush.

The objects of this Competition are the Completion of the New Hospital Building and War on Disease.

The research laboratory attached to the Hospital recently achieved the distinction of discovering

TWO NEW GERMS

MAKE IT YOUR DUTY TO BUY YOUR TICKETS TO-DAY.

The cause is a national one and should be supported by all.

95 Substantial Prizes are to be Won.

The Competition is a simple one and within the grasp of everyone.

TICKETS 1/- EACH.

THE MANAGER, ST. PAUL'S HOSPITAL FUND.

15, FINSBURY SQUARE, 15, BETWEEN STREET, 15, W.C.2.

PRIZES.

1st £1,000

2nd £500

3rd £250

4th £100

5th £50

20 of £10

50 of £5

Have you suspected Your Kidneys?



THERE are two ways to tell

whether you have weak kidneys. The first is through the pains in the back and other outward signs. The second is by examining the urine.

If backache, recurring headaches, or a fretful, nervous, tired condition makes you suspect some kidney disorder, watch the urine. Look for any of the following signs: Too frequent or too few calls to urinate. Too much or too little flow each time. Too dark or too pale in colour. Scalding and painful when passing. Sandy, gritty or cloudy settlements. Bad odour, etc.

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills correct and regulate the kidney secretions, stimulate and strengthen weak kidneys and thereby permanently relieve urinary disorder, backache, rheumatic pain, nervousness, dizziness, gravel and other results of kidney weakness. Your own neighbours recommend Doan's.

Twelve Years Well

On 9th September, 1910, Mr. H. Ballard, 72, Clarence Road, Wimbledon, S.W., said:—"For several years on and off I was troubled with kidney complaint. Terrible pains struck across the small of my back and made stooping difficult. There were acute pains when seeking to relieve the bladder, and the water was most unnatural and full of sediment."

"One of my messmates recommended Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. They strengthened the kidneys and soon I was well again."

On 8th Sept., 1922, Mr. Ballard said:—"I couldn't wish to enjoy better health than I've had since Doan's Pills cured me."

(Signed) H. Ballard.

Ask distinctly for Doan's, the Pills Mr. Ballard recommends. Same price everywhere, 3/- a box.

DOAN'S
Backache Kidney Pills.

Free pattern

TO MAKE
TWO SMART FROCKS

GIVEN INSIDE THIS WEEK'S

LADY'S COMPANION

ON THIS SUNDAY, SEPT. 9th. The pattern is given free to all who send a postcard to the Editor of the Lady's Companion, 11, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4, and ask for it.

The third that is company

SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE

LUXURIOUS GLOSSY HAIR IS THE RESULT OF CARE IN CHILDHOOD.

For your children's hair—RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT is the best. It is the only hair dressing that is pure and safe. It is the only hair dressing that is pure and safe. It is the only hair dressing that is pure and safe.

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT

Instantly stops all itching and itching in the hair. It is the only hair dressing that is pure and safe. It is the only hair dressing that is pure and safe. It is the only hair dressing that is pure and safe.

RANKIN & CO., KILMARNOCK, Established Over 100 Years.

RIISING STORM OF ANGER AGAINST GAMBLING IN FOOD.

PLAIN WORDS TO THE HEARTLESS PROFITEER.

(By A SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR.)

WHEN large masses of the public, desperate and hopeless, at last begin to cause what is significantly referred to as "trouble," there will, of course, be the usual denunciation of so-called "anarchist conspiracies."

With a wilful blindness, only paralleled by their aloofness from the hard facts of the nation's miseries, politicians will spare just a few moments from big business and high finance to wonder what in the world is the matter with Bermondsey, Shoreditch, Tooting and Kentish Town, when all is so quiet and comfortable in Lombard-st. and Pall Mall.

Is it not time that those whose duty it is to look serious and determined steps to guard against such "trouble"? For there is no doubt whatsoever that it is brewing.

In the first place we have about one million unemployed. This number must represent a total at least two or three times larger of people who are in fact practically without means of subsistence of their own or their parents' earnings.

In the second place there is no reason to hope that the next few months will see any appreciable increase in the amount of work to be done in any department of industry.

A third factor is that, while there is less work there is a decided lowering of wages, and then, to intensify all causes of distress, food of nearly every kind is actually increasing in price.

And winter is coming, the cold, wet, gloomy and cheerless London winter! Taking all these factors into consideration, and knowing made by disreputable propagandists, it does seem as though the nation were deliberately asking for the most serious sort of trouble. What an opportunity for deadly mischief!

Does it never strike the powers that be, the powers that ought to act, that by allowing some preventable causes of unrest to continue they are playing straight into the hands of those whose one aim is civil turmoil?

These powers probably know, just as well as I do, that every week in London alone there are held about two hundred Socialist meetings. And they know, also, that every scandalous fact about jobbery and profiteering—and, God knows, there are plenty—fully used to instil into the minds of the masses of the unavowedly idle a hatred of constituted authority and a perverted hankering for what they are taught to

call the social revolution, bloody if necessary, but in any case revolution. Enormous numbers of usually contented and hard-working people are rapidly reaching a state of feeling best described as exasperation. It is a dangerous condition, for it arises from a sense of helplessness to alter bitter, undeserved and unnecessary hardship.

Most galling of all is the task of maintaining a patient attitude when abuse after abuse is brought to light, and, apparently, no steps are taken to deal with those who are guilty.

Nothing has so stirred the indignation of the people at large as the periodical disclosures of official committees concerning the sheer pillaging that has been practised upon them by unscrupulous traders.

"BLOOD-SUCKERS."

If there has been one such report since the war there must have been a dozen. Clear proofs of frigid and calculated swindling of the public have over and over again been given. Wholesale robbery of the nation has been exposed in any number of cases, and shameless cheating and profiteering shown to exist on every hand.

But what has been the result? Report after report has autounded, disgusted, angered a long-suffering public; but so far as any useful official action is concerned the various reports have been stillborn.

"Blood-suckers" was once a familiar phrase often applied to the money-lending fraternity, but to-day it is far more applicable to those who, in what looks like complete security, and behind the protection of anonymity, squeeze with callousness huge and tainted fortunes out of the public; and who, when discovered and exposed, ride off, as it were, with their fingers to their nose at public government and all others, who seem powerless to touch them.

And the Socialist chuckles and hopes it may go on till some great upheaval comes, almost of its own accord.

Legislation has proved mere child's play compared with the wives of "big business." Coaches and horses of corruption drive daily and gaily through every law that has ever been enacted to deal with these abuses. Rob your neighbour of sixpence, and you are quite rightly punished. But rob mil-

lions of your fellow creatures by manipulating markets, holding up supplies, or cornering the fruits of the earth, and a government committee will merely put you in a blue book and mumble about unsatisfactory evidence and regrettable transactions.

And now, on the verge of winter, and heedless of people's needs, the mad and criminal game is breaking out with fresh fury. The cost of living has gone up; and will go higher.

MILK is the latest necessary of life to be the subject of dispute, and farmers, unable to get all they may possibly be entitled to, calmly announce that they will "hold up supplies."

This is the point of view that is at the root of the trouble. It is the cardinal principle adopted by the whole disgusting gang of profiteers—pay exorbitant prices or go without.

This time, however, it is not the farmer against whom my criticisms are raised. Doubtless he is little better than the rest, but in the case of milk it is the wholesale buyers and distributors who are demanding the cream.

And so every mother, nurse and doctor in the land may cry out in vain for milk, pure, cheap and plentiful, in a forlorn hope of saving the rising generation from being a pale, nervous and rickety C3 multitude.

But unless the sacred right of some impersonal trusts to swollen profits is first secured, the children must go without.

MEAT, which was the subject of the most recent exposure, continues to be sold at prices that the Lillith-gow report showed were sheer robbery.

FRUIT and vegetables, long the counters of gambling market rings, continue to be sold at extortionate prices.

COAL, for which the demand in summer has, of course, been small, is already on the way up; and the usual crop of complicated figures and statements, official and unofficial, to account for the increase, may be expected with confidence the moment a voice is raised in protest.

BREAD is perennially a staff on which the profiteer can lean with cer-

tainty, rather than the people's staff of life. There is far more correspondence between chalk and cheese than there is between the price of flour and that of bread.

CLOTHES. Women's blouses have been known to leave the manufacturer's warehouse at 4s. 11d., and women are graciously permitted to buy them—really a cheap line, Moddom—at 3s.

Even the humble domestic firebrick, which the overworked housewife uses in an endeavour to make the coal last a little longer, is the subject of a 500 per cent. swindle! Sold by the manufacturer at 6d. it passes to the poor in their tenements at 2s. 6d.

And so the thing goes on. It is one long tale of swindle from morning till night.

ANY EXCUSE.

The whole evil is due to the fact that even "our daily bread" has become the subject of financial gambling and speculation.

Is there a week's strike in the Argentine? Then up goes the price of foreign meat, though the cold stores in England bulge and creek with carcasses that cannot possibly be affected.

Is there an earthquake in Japan? Then with the first vague rumour of disaster up goes the price of rice and of everything else that can possibly be said to come from the Far East.

Is it surprising, therefore, that the people, suffering month by month under the whips and scorpions of the gamblers in their food, and seeing report after report fall unheeded in the midst of all constituted authority, begin to think, however mistakenly, that nobody really cares?

But, looming in the distance, are the invincible hosts of General Janvier, armed with indignation, disgust and a determination to have revenge upon their oppressors. And mid-winter will see them out of hand—unless there is some serious endeavour on the part of authority to deliver them from further exploitation.

CHEAP MOTOR COACH TRIPS. The Cambrian Coaching Co. are offering some cheap excursions during this month. Typical examples are Brighton, 4s. 6d. return, daily; and Yarmouth, 10s. single, every Friday. There are also running special cars to Margate, Ramsgate, Folkestone, Eastbourne, Hastings, etc., on specified days at correspondingly low rates. Particulars are obtainable from 32, High-st., Bloomsbury.

WHAT TO TAKE FOR INDIGESTION.

NOTHING equals Benger's, honest old Benger's Malted Milk as a remedy for digestive and stomach troubles. Pain after eating, "full feeling," nausea, sickness and lack of appetite are all signs that harmful acid is attacking the organs of digestion, fermenting the food and starting a train of serious troubles. A single dose of Benger's Malted Milk will neutralise all traces of acidity instantly, and will put your appetite and spirits to rights. Enjoy what you eat! Let your mouth do you good! Try Benger's Malted Milk once and you will have the very thing you've been looking for—an honest, trustworthy, REAL remedy for disordered stomachs.

When "out of sorts" **BENGER'S Food** for INFANTS, INVALIDS and AGED.

A few days' rest from ordinary food, and a change to Benger's works wonders. It gives the needed digestive rest with complete nourishment.

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Write—**STAFFORD & CO., Ltd.,** NETHERFIELD, NOTTS.

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The best quality English Lever

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The Popular Song Fox Trot, "CALLING."

NEXT WEEK.

This Song must not be sent out and sold separately from "The People."

Featured in the Successful Musical Revue "LISTENING-IN" by **MISS CLARICE CLARE and RICHARD NELLER**

You Will Miss Me, Sweetheart

Words by J. B. C.

Music by HERMAN DAREWSKI.

PIANO.

Key E♭.

Moderate.

Just a boy and girl, Playing in a gar-den, Love was true were they. Could we but re-call Words unkindly spo-ken, Happy we would be.

Just a lit-tle tiff, Just a lov-er's quar-rel, This is what she heard him say:— Men-o-rine come back, Through the lit-tle to-ken, Which, you see, you gave to me.

REPEAT. 2nd time f

"You will miss me, Sweet-heart, you'll be lone-ly when I'm gone, still I'll think of you on-ly. Just a few harsh

words, then a lit-ter look, . . . And our dream of love is

over. But when you sit a-lone in the eve-ning, . . .

You'll be think-ing of days gone by, . . . You will

ugh, you will cry, You will fret and try To get me to come

back once more." . . . You will miss me."

MUSIC, PLAYS & PICTURES

SHOULD WOMEN BE ALLOWED TO CHOOSE HUSBANDS?

The Cult of the Bedroom.

Conducted by "BESSIE."

CONSIDERING that even the wealthiest of us spend a very considerable part of our lives in our bedrooms it is curious that so many people take little or no care concerning their arrangement, while giving any amount of attention to the "best parlour"—a place inhabited for an hour or so on a wet Sunday and seldom if ever entered during the week, except by the housewife for the purpose of dusting the furniture.

We all know the ugly and unhappy looking bedroom, and are glad that it has not fallen to our lot; yet there are but few of its inhabitants who could not do a great deal to remedy the depressing state of affairs. Even "roomers" can do something to make their bedroom a desirable place to come back to after the day's toil.

Hangings, for one thing, are packable, and so are cushions, and I have never yet heard of the landlady who objected to a tenant saving the wear of her goods and chattels.

Of all the types of depressing bedrooms the one favoured by the "right down to the bone" hygienic crank takes a lot of beating. It may prolong one's immunity from fatal disease for a period of time, but it is conducive to a lot of discomfort in the meantime.

A friend of mine has a bedroom of this description, plain, whitewashed walls, floor of well-scrubbed boards, innocent of any mats, no bright pictures on the walls, but a few faded photographs of a microbe might float through the ever-open window and might stick to the material—nothing to hide the hideous nakedness of the wooden top of chest of drawers and dressing-table; no comfy cushions, no jelly photo-frames containing anaphora of holiday scenes—they are dust-traps. All hygienic—no beauty, no comfort—a nun's cell in a convent, with which I am familiar, is a cheery place compared to the bedroom of this particular hygienic crank.

The ideal bedroom is, of course, of goodly size, but such rooms do not fall to the lot of everybody—especially in these days of house-shortage. Most of us have to be content with a slip that our grandmothers would have called a "dressing-room," but even the smallest rooms can be converted into a sanctuary for its owner, a place of rest mentally as well as physically. Everybody feels the need "to get away" from the other

members of the household from time to time, and one's bedroom is the place generally chosen.

For the lucky ones who have an ample room to start with, the decorative treatment of the walls is of the first importance. Wallpaper should be rejected in favour of washable painted distemper. There are several makes of this type of wall-covering now obtainable in every shade of delicate colouring. After ten days walls which have been so coloured are washable. I speak from experience, because all the bedrooms in my own house were treated in this way over a year ago and the washing theory has been put to the test many times. This is a point in favour of hygiene—but it is one which is also artistic—which cannot be said of whitewash.

Before putting nails in colour-washed walls, stick a small stamp mount on to the spot where the nail is to be inserted. This will prevent the colour-wash from cracking round the wall.

In a small room choose a light colour, and if it be one where sunlight is seldom seen, one that will blend with primrose. Have all the wood-work painted in this latter colour and the ceiling washed over to match. Primrose woodwork and a ceiling in the same colour will impart a glow as of sunshine in the dingiest of rooms.

On the floor use plain cork carpet, which will not clash with the tone you have chosen for your walls. Cork is the best for the floor, as it is a full-length, for the window curtains choose plain casement cloth, toning in shade with the walls. Should the window be narrow run the rod several inches over the width of the frame on each side and hang the curtains to the end, but do not let them encroach on the window itself, or they will exclude the light. Plain white net, rather fuller than is necessary with a patterned muslin, is the best of material for short curtains.

Should the room be too small for a regulation wardrobe with a full-length glass, a long piece of plate-glass attached straight on to the wall in a good light will serve the purpose of toilet-mirror as well, and increase the apparent size of the room itself into the bargain. The window should be kept open both day and night as fresh air is indispensable, and the register of the grate as well, but the head of the bed should be so placed that it does not catch the direct current of air between the two.



Stock Pot of Kitchen Lore

THE prejudice against home-made pickles is rapidly dying out. People are coming to the conclusion that the bright colouring of the ready-made article does not mean that it is necessarily better than the preparation of the house kitchen, in spite of the latter's less gay appearance.

There are a few pickle "don'ts" to be remembered, and after that the way of the pickle-maker is comparatively easy. Don't use fruit or vegetables that is over-ripe or not absolutely sound. Don't use cheap vinegar. Get the best you can afford. It will repay you in the long run by improving your pickles and preserving them for a long time. Pickles made with cheap vinegar do not keep, and the flavour is nothing like so good. Cider can also be used in the same quantity and in the same way as vinegar, as the acid of the cider is not so highly injurious, but is not so dangerous.

These are the principal "don'ts," and here are some select recipes—**SWEETENED PICKLES.**—Take equal quantities of small vegetables, green tomatoes (sliced), cauliflower (broken up into little branches), gherkins, cucumbers and sliced cucumber (peeled before being cut) and celery, well scraped and cut into small pieces. Cover them with a brine made in the proportion of a teaspoonful to each two quarts of water. Leave until the next day, drain, bring the brine to the boil, pour it over the vegetables, and leave until quite cold. Bring to a boil with the vinegar to the boil as you think will cover the vegetables, adding a cupful of Demerara sugar to each quart. While the vinegar is heating, mix together half a teaspoonful of flour and four ounces of dry mustard for each quart of vinegar, and when the latter is at the boil, pour it slowly into it, mixing to a smooth paste. Proceed to fill up your pickle bottles, cover with the mustard-vinegar, and cover tightly down. If preferred, the cauliflower can be par-boiled instead of being left to soak in the vinegar. The addition of turmeric to this pickle is a desirable touch to each half-cupful of flour is a good proportion.

VEGETABLE MARROW SHUTNEY.—Peel a six-pound marrow, remove the pith, and cut up the vegetable into squares about the size of loaf sugar. Put the pieces into a preserving pan, add a pint and a half of cold water, then turn them out into a pan of cold water for a brief time. Then turn them into more cold water. When the marrow is quite cold, drain them and dry. Then lay in a large bowl and pour over them enough boiling vinegar to completely cover them. Leave for twenty-four hours. Drain the vinegar, bring it to a boil, and pour it over the gherkins.

PICKLED GHERKINS.—Choose the gherkins as much of a size as possible, wipe them with a cloth, and throw them into a saucpan of boiling water. Boil them for a minute, and then turn them out into a pan of cold water for a brief time. Then turn them into more cold water. When the marrow is quite cold, drain them and dry. Then lay in a large bowl and pour over them enough boiling vinegar to completely cover them. Leave for twenty-four hours. Drain the vinegar, bring it to a boil, and pour it over the gherkins.

and leave for twenty-four hours. Drain off the vinegar again, measure it into a saucpan, adding for each quart an ounce of salt, half an ounce of whole pepper, a few sprigs of tarragon, a blade of mace, four bay leaves, and, if liked, half a dozen small silver onions. When boiling point is reached, pour in the gherkins, leave them for two minutes, then pack into wide-necked bottles, fill with vinegar and cork down tightly.

THE HELPING HAND.

Lotion for the Hands.—Try the following lotion for the hands.—Four ounces of rose-water, half an ounce of glycerine, and half a drachm of borax. The hands should be carefully washed and dried, and a few drops of the lotion be rubbed in.

Undermining Soles and Heels.—A good composition to render boots and shoes waterproof is composed of two parts of beeswax and one part of mastic. Melt the wax in a tin, and apply to the boot at night and wiped off with a flannel next morning. It is probable that the leather will not take the blacking very well at first, but after a few applications it will polish brilliantly.

For Mole-removal.—To restore the color of mole-removal, wash it with soap and water, then apply daily the following lotion:—Take half an ounce of alkali root cut in small pieces, and add to it one pint of linseed oil. When this solution has stood for a week, add to it half an ounce of powdered gum arabic and one ounce of sheila varnish. Allow it to stand in a warm place for one week, then strain it and apply it with a soft woollen cloth.

COGNAC ICE CREAM.—Boil a pound and a half of loaf sugar in a quarter of a pint of water until a drop of the syrup can be rolled between the fingers (previously dipped in cold water) and the thumb into a small ball. Remove the saucpan from the fire, stir in four ounces of domestic cream, and flavour with essence of vanilla. Pour the mixture into a little paper, and when the mixture has cooled a little pour half of it into the tin. Place the saucpan containing the remainder in a basin of boiling water, and stir it until it is quite thick. To use it. Place the baking-tin containing the first half in a cool place and let it set. Cover the second half with richness and pour it over the while hot. When thoroughly cold before removing it from the tin.

TO-DAY'S BROADCASTS: Shakespeare Recital by Wireless.

The following programmes will be broadcast to-day:—

LONDON (25 metres). 3 p.m.—Oscar Reuter at the Edison Hall, London; at the Organ, Mr. Frank Thompson; at the Piano, Mr. Frank Thompson; at the Violin, Mr. Frank Thompson; at the Cello, Mr. Frank Thompson; at the Double Bass, Mr. Frank Thompson; at the Trombone, Mr. Frank Thompson; at the Trumpet, Mr. Frank Thompson; at the Tuba, Mr. Frank Thompson; at the Snare Drum, Mr. Frank Thompson; at the Bass Drum, Mr. Frank Thompson; at the Cymbals, Mr. Frank Thompson; at the Gong, Mr. Frank Thompson; at the Bells, Mr. Frank Thompson; at the Chimes, Mr. Frank Thompson; at the Carillon, Mr. Frank Thompson; at the Organ, Mr. Frank Thompson; at the Piano, Mr. Frank Thompson; at the Violin, Mr. Frank Thompson; at the Cello, Mr. Frank Thompson; at the Double Bass, Mr. Frank Thompson; at the Trombone, Mr. Frank Thompson; at the Trumpet, Mr. Frank Thompson; at the Tuba, Mr. Frank Thompson; at the Snare Drum, Mr. Frank Thompson; at the Bass Drum, Mr. Frank Thompson; at the Cymbals, Mr. Frank Thompson; at the Gong, Mr. Frank Thompson; 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THE REAL DANGER TO PEACE.

The greatest danger to the peace of Europe lies not so much in the quarrel between Italy and Greece as in the reckless and provocative language that is being used, in the Press and out of it, in reference to that unfortunate event. Signor Mussolini declares there will be no war; no one really wants war; therefore why talk so much about it?

There are some hot-heads who would have us boycott Italy because she objects to the interference of the League of Nations in the dispute. Englishmen do not take kindly to this method; it is not an English institution. As an ideal the League may be all very well, but it is obviously not practicable, and it is no use shutting our eyes to facts. To quarrel with Italy because she will not admit the authority of the League in this dispute would be to make it a cause of war rather than a safeguard against it.

After all, Italy is England's traditional friend; she fought with us in the war, which is more than Greece did. If it be a question of losing Italy's friendship or the League of Nations, then we prefer to lose the League, which is, and has been for some time, moribund. It would be folly to attempt to coerce a friendly nation in a matter that does not touch our own interests. If the Conference of Ambassadors can settle this unhappy business, as it appears likely to do, well and good; but there must be no war, and the less said about it the better.

NEEDS WATCHING.

There is so far no sign of a solution of the Ruhr deadlock, but the position is too serious to last for ever. One possible outcome needs the careful attention of the British Government. Though the German Government is reported to have denied any separate negotiations with France, the Chancellor is understood to have announced that an offer to negotiate with France and Belgium will shortly be made.

Such a move might be the forerunner of disaster for British industry, because France and Germany in combination in the Ruhr and Lorraine would be so strong in the matter of coal, iron and steel as to squeeze us out of the market. It will be a bad day for the iron and steel trade of this country if British policy should force France into an economic alliance with Germany. Such a consummation is to be avoided at all costs.

JAPAN'S DARK HOUR.

There are no more sincere friends of Japan than are to be found in England, and nowhere are there more honest admirers of her courage and enterprise. It is only natural, therefore, that British hearts should be overflowing with sympathy for the Japanese in this dark hour. The ready response that has been

made to the Lord Mayor of London's appeal for funds in aid of the stricken population of the "England of the East" does honour to our people, themselves struggling under the heaviest economic burden ever borne by a nation.

And it is reassuring to know, on the authority of the Japanese Ambassador in London, Baron Hayashi, that his countrymen are uniting to face with courage and determination the difficulties of the actual present and the task of future reconstruction. Whether or not we believe that troubles are sent to try us, they certainly do try us. Few nations have had more to contend with from the forces of Nature than Japan; but she has always risen, phoenix-like, from her ashes, triumphant even in misfortune.

It is gratifying to know that there will be no delay in doing all that is humanly possible for the homeless victims of this record catastrophe. This is eminently a case in which they give twice who give quickly. Already £35,000 has been forwarded as a first instalment from the Lord Mayor's fund, and more will follow without loss of time. Here is that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

HIS INDIAN SUMMER.

In the Track of the Prince of Wales.

THERE are many Britons who will envy the Prince of Wales his holiday trip to Canada; not the least, those who know the Dominion and its glorious "Indian summer" weather at this time of the year.

After spending five days on the broad expanse of the Atlantic and two more, full of interest, in the St. Lawrence River, the Prince will set out from Quebec on his three days' railway journey to Calgary, the chief city of Alberta, in which province his ranch is situated.

Leaving Ottawa, the train will proceed through Northern Ontario. Here the scenery is wild, few trees are seen, and in many places the railway has been cut out of solid rock. Towns are few and far between. Chapleau and White River are called to mind, the latter said to be one of the coldest spots in the Dominion, the wind, in winter, blowing down from the north with a biting keenness seldom equalled in any part of Canada.

Some miles further on Lake Superior comes into view, and the train travels for hours along the north shore of this inland sea, breakers on one side of the line, trees and rocks on the other, to Port Arthur and Fort William, the twin cities at the head of the Great Lakes, where giant elevators receive and store the grain harvested on the prairie. Here one puts the watch back one hour to "prairie time."

Gateway of the West.

Another ten hours' journey through more of nature's grandeur, rocks, forests and lakes, bring the Royal traveller to Winnipeg, the Gateway of the West.

From here onwards, the journey becomes less interesting. There is a sameness about the prairie which is monotonous. The train gathers speed now as it passes Brandon and Speedway, on the border of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, where watches are retarded another hour to keep pace with the sun; "mountain time." Soon after entering the province of Saskatchewan, the train arrives at the capital city, Regina. And so westward to Moose Jaw and Medicine Hat, famous for its abundant supply of natural gas.

Another seven hours and the Prince will be at Calgary, and within sight of the Rocky Mountains. Here a car will meet him and convey him a matter of 40 or 50 miles along the Macleod trail, a prairie road well known in the days of Wild Indians and North West Mounted Police, to his ranch near High River.

RANDOM RHYMES.

Quam bogum et jucundum est
 These Labour men to see,
 Like birds within their little nest
 In peace and harmony.

They quarrel not, and they refrain
 From conduct that is rude;
 Their Congress typifies the reign
 Of peace and quietude.

Behold, they're not as men of war
 Who hanker after strife;
 They worship not Bellona, for
 They love the peaceful life.

Should any man, in hostile tones,
 Say that which is not right,
 It never stimulates Jack Jones
 To challenge him to fight.

They never dabble in those things
 That are beyond their ken;
 The fate of cabbages and kings
 They leave to other men.

In their close-knit communion
 You never hear a brother
 Accuse one rival union
 Of pinching from another.

They are a staid and sober throng
 At their seaside gymkhanas;
 They never sing that vulgar song—
 "Yes! We Have No Bananas."

No wonder such grave men as these
 To rule us should aspire;
 But (don't let this go further, please)—
 Ain't I an awful liar!

TALK of the PEOPLE

By WIDEAWAKE.

Bravo! Birkenhead.

It is refreshing to have a representative Englishman who says what he means and means what he says—provided, of course, what he says is true. Lord Birkenhead has been speaking very frankly to our friends in the States, and though realising that his straight talk would raise a storm, he is prepared to back up his statements, and does not propose to take back a single word.

If we Had Known.

I have always been unable to understand why ex-President Wilson should have balked so large at the Versailles Peace Conference if his country was to assume no responsibility for what he did there. It is not, perhaps, too much to say that he practically took charge of the Conference. He certainly dominated it. As Lord Birkenhead said at the dinner of the Canadian Bar Association, "If at Versailles we had known that the United States would remain out, many matters which have caused endless trouble in the world might have been spared." The Americans have no right to expect to have their cake and eat it, and I am glad that at least one Englishman has not shrunk from telling them so.

Her Grace, J.P.

Although sworn in as a J.P. for the county of Sutherland in 1920, the Duchess of Sutherland has only just



The Duchess of Sutherland.

taken her seat on the Bench. She made her judicial debut in the Dorchester court. Only one case came before the court, and the Duchess congratulated the town on the fact that so few sittings were necessary. I hardly know which to congratulate, the solitary defendant or the town whose good behaviour called forth her compliment.

P. R. in Ireland.

I do not fancy that the results of the Irish elections for the Dail will have helped the cause of the enthusiasts for Proportional Representation. There were such surprising returns, such a delay in the eventual decisions and such a multitude of countings that even the candidates themselves got heartily sick of the proceedings which led to their election.

Philosophic "Tim"

By the way, the number of Republicans returned will not make the task of the Governor-General any easier. I suppose there never was such a cheery political enthusiast as Mr. Tim Healy, K.C., and how he enjoys his occasional visits to London! Personally I should hate to be always accompanied everywhere by detectives, but Mr. Healy treats this infirmity with the same pleasant philosophy as he does the not infrequent attempts upon his life.

A Good Example.

That the Brentford Brotherhood is very much alive was proved yesterday by the very successful garden fete and carnival held by that organisation. As a result, a useful sum was realised for the local cottage hospital, in aid of which the function was held. Lt.-Col. Grant Morden, Member for Brentford and Chiswick, distributed the prizes. Motto for other Brotherhoods: "Go thou and do likewise."

Late Lady Downham.

All political parties in Fulham will have learned with the deepest regret of the death of Lady Downham. For a long time she had suffered from an

incurable malady, but her death when it came was a shock to her many friends. She was the widow of Mr. Hayes Fisher, who afterwards became Lord Downham. He occupied several ministerial posts and for many years was the champion of Conservatism in the Fulham Division. The title is extinct, for the only child is a daughter, who married recently a Canadian doctor who has a large practice among the foreign colony in Mexico City.

He Gets There.

I saw Mr. J. F. R. Rawlinson, K.C., M.P., the other day. He had had a short holiday on the South Coast. I suppose there is no member of the House of Commons so respected for his personality as is Mr. Rawlinson. He never strikes his fellow-members as being brilliant. All the same he is entirely trusted by all parties. His speeches are by no means masterpieces of oratorical art, but they carry more conviction than many a fervent outburst from a less trusted member. Cambridge University has no reason to be other than proud of its Senior Member of Parliament.

Partridges.

Before the partridge shooting season commenced on September 1 I had heard rather gloomy forebodings as to the paucity of birds in East Anglia. Norfolk, Suffolk and a part of Cambridgeshire provide the very best partridge driving in the country, and so the report seemed sufficiently serious. Happily a few preliminary walks over the ground have revealed more birds than were anticipated. The real business of partridge driving does not, of course, take place till early in October.

Sir Harry Brittain.

The indefatigable member for Acton, Sir Harry Brittain, has been travelling in Eastern Europe in order to acquaint himself with existing conditions. When the House of Commons is in session Sir Harry and Commander Kenworthy are keen competitors in the matter of asking questions and "supplementaries." Unlike the Commander, however, Sir Harry does not on other occasions endeavour at all times to acquaint the House with his views.

I Wonder.

The conjecture that some secret contrivance in possession of the Germans is responsible for the forced landings of so many French aeroplanes on German territory since the occupation of the Ruhr has set me thinking of an incident that occurred during the air raids on this country. A gentleman whose business brings him much in contact with scientific inventions told me in strict confidence that an invention was then before the British Government for bringing down aeroplanes from a distance.

Demonstration Refused.

He said the inventor volunteered a practical demonstration, pledging himself to bring down any machine from a given distance by means of rays directed on certain vital parts of the engine, putting it out of action. The inventor wanted the Government to send up an aeroplane for the purpose of being brought down, and so far as I remember his request was refused. I wonder has this invention gone to Germany?

Ignorant Man!

Do you remember the old story of the M.P. seeking re-election? It is, of course, in no way related to the two honourable members I have just mentioned. The M.P. of whom I write was recounting for the benefit of a large audience of his constituents the good work which he had previously done in the House of Commons. "I have invariably," quoth our hero, "had the interests of my constituency

Bravo! Birkenhead—The Cripples' Friend—Cock Fighting.

at heart. On no less than 15 occasions I have addressed the House. Moreover, I have asked 322 questions." Whereupon a heartless interrupter made the following audible comment: "What a very ignorant man you must be."

Lord Robert.

The zeal which Lord Robert Cecil displays for the League of Nations is very much the same as the fervour which inspired the Crusaders of the Middle Ages. Lord Robert has just the same intensity of feeling, and it must be confessed narrowness of view. I have known him to argue with patient logic about a subject until his susceptibilities as an ardent Churchman have been touched. Thereafter he knew no reason.

Cock Fighting.

A friend of mine was telling me that the once popular sport of cock-fighting is still carried on sub rosa in West Cumberland and elsewhere. Here is a good tale which will bear repetition. Not so long ago the owner of a fighting bird went to his solicitor in great distress because he had backed his champion against a friend's bird for £100 and had good reason to think he would lose his wager. Being an economist, he hated the idea of losing such a lot of money. His solicitor said he would do his best to preserve his client's honour and at the same time save his pocket, but the fight must continue according to plan.

How It Was Done.

Early the following morning all parties interested in the match were assembled. Just as the fight was about to commence, a police constable stepped out of hiding and proceeded to take the names of those present, and cautioned them that they were committing an offence. An anxious colloquy ensued, and an offer of £50 was made to the P.C. in return for his silence. The offer was accepted and the match was declared off. Talking over the event of the day, the betting client asked his solicitor how he had managed to get the fight so effectually stopped without laying an information. "Why," said the solicitor, "I have an article clerk who is not at all a bad amateur actor, and, to be honest, the £50 he collected came in very handy for my firm, and your bill of costs will benefit accordingly."

The Cripples' Friend.

Another baronetcy comes to an end with the death of Sir Wm. Treloar, who was "father" of the City Corporation. But he had a greater title to fame than either the baronetcy or the "father-ship," for was he not the friend of crippled children?



Sir Wm. Treloar.

He it was who created the Lord Mayor Treloar Cripples' Hospital at Alton, Hampshire, with a fund of £200,000, and he instituted also the Guildhall Christmas dinners for poor children in 1893. He always had the heart of a child, said the Recorder at the Old Bailey, and to children he devoted his virile energies. In 1908-1909 he was Lord Mayor of London, and his age was 80. One of the jokes about him was that he represented on the City Corporation the World, the Flesh and the Devil, because his ward, Farringdon Without, contains Fleet-st., the Central Meat Market, and the Temple.

When Winter Comes.

For those who love summer, and most of us do, it is sad to reflect that plans are already being made for the proper celebration of Yuletide. The pastime, or rather hard labour, of amateur theatricals is once again becoming very popular. I believe no one is fonder of this particular hobby than Lady Bertha Dawkins. Lady Bertha leads a life of continued activity in all charitable directions, and when she is not presiding or assisting at a committee she is attending upon Her Majesty the Queen in the official capacity of Bechamber Woman.

U.S. and Mexico.

The Government of Mexico has at last been officially recognised by the U.S.A. This means that British recognition will soon follow. The pity of it is that we who have had no quarrel with the Mexicans have let slip another golden opportunity of improving our trade in that country by the official absence of the F.O. And the disagreeable side of it is that the Goddess Axe, which hewed down many an impoverished officer, left a junior clerk in Mexico City enjoying the full salary of a Minister Plenipotentiary without his work or responsibilities.

Shipping Dangers.

In view of the serious accident to the Empress of Scotland, the twenty-eight thousand ton liner of the Canadian Pacific Company, off the Isle of Wight recently, I obtained the views of several sea captains in Southampton and Portsmouth. It appears a considerable number of ships were sunk off the island during the war, and after a time they break up and the watertight compartments in many cases cause portions of the wreck to rise and shift their bearings. This is what happened to the Empress. The unanimous opinion of these sailors is that the Admiralty should immediately take in hand the "blowing up" of these derelicts.

CIGARETTE PAPERS.

FOR AFTER DINNER SMOKING.

By the Lounger.

EVEN now it is impossible to estimate accurately either the cost in human life or the commercial loss caused by the twin horrors of earthquake and fire which have ravaged Japan.

The effects are far-reaching. The Japanese newspaper, "Mainichi," asserts that the disaster has put Japan back a generation and has reduced her to the level of a fourth-class Power. And a generation in Japanese history is a long time, since the Mikado, with the help of the Daimios (feudal nobles) of the west, crushed the too-powerful Shogun, the military governor of the Eastern provinces; established his capital at Yedo—to be known in future as Tokyo—and flung the country's windows open to admit the breeze of Western civilisation.

In a generation Japan emerged from semi-barbarism and established herself as one of the great naval and military powers of the world; in a few hours her capital and other centres have been wrecked, her commerce struck a severe blow and thousands of her people have perished.

Truly, *l'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose*.

THE Italians, who have been placed by their Fascist Premier in such a warlike posture, are persons to be reckoned with. They have their own methods.

During the late war, being sent hurriedly on a certain mission, I arrived one night in a French village. There a kind person led me to the mess of an English unit, fed me, and found me a billet in a tumble-down pub., aristocratically named the *Road de Paris*.

I did not think that six air-raids or a speech by Mr. Lloyd George could have awakened me from my slumber, but suddenly I started up and sprang out of bed in alarm. The cobbled street rang to the hurrying tread of heavily-equipped men, whose wild cries froze my blood.

Seizing my revolver I resolved not to get under my bed, but to die nobly, murmuring: "My country, 'tis for thee!" From my window I looked down at the surging mass, dimly seen in the grey dawn.

However, the human torrent swept by, the little street was deserted, the battle had passed on, leaving me alone. . . . Nature asserted herself: I threw myself on the bed and slept once more. . . .

When I had breakfasted and was my usual calm composed self again, I sought out my friend of the previous evening and inquired what casualties we had suffered in the battle. "Battle?" he repeated thoughtfully; "what battle?"

"In the street, about dawn—"
 "Oh, that!" He smiled sunnily. "It was our Southern allies you heard. You see, we've got a crowd of Italian infantry down here, engaged in road-making, and they always sing on their way to work!"

EVERYBODY knows or has heard of "Guy's," the famous South London Hospital, where many an injured wayfarer or sufferer from disease has been kindly entreated and nursed back to health. There, too, many a student has sweated over anatomy and pathology and has despaired of ever writing "M.D." or even "L.R.C.P." after his name, only to revisit the place in after years and, stepping agilely out of his seat car, watch out of the corners of his eyes the students watching "out of the corners of their eyes." He chuckles as he imagines them remarking: "Damn that opulent brute! Look at his watch-chain and his chauffeur in livery—and I'll bet he couldn't remove an appendix without tearing the patient's guts to rags!"

It has recently been suggested that the tomb of Thomas Guy, who founded the hospital, might be reopened to the public. He was buried in the crypt beneath the hospital chapel and his resting-place certainly as fully head and the tribute of an uncovered statue erected to men who, in the course of a glorious career of arms, sacrificed more lives than the institution which Guy founded has saved.

Guy began the erection of the hospital in 1721, and when, three years later he died, he endowed the institution handsomely. Since then it has received other legacies, notably the large Hunt bequest in 1825. It is a large place now—though not too large for the services it renders—and new laboratories and a dental school were opened in 1903.

I HAVE read with interest the correspondence proceeding in the Press regarding a Brighton Thames. It is suggested that the Elizabethan glories should be restored to the river, and in a modern form—for example, that a dam should be made so as to form a great lake whereon the populace could enjoy bathing, boating and fishing. But why stop there? Everybody complains about the dust and bustle of the London streets; well, why not flood them from the river, do away with omnibuses and cabs, and substitute the graceful gondola of Venice?

Imagine the cheerful bus conductor adapting himself to circumstances, and calling, as he adroitly steers his craft to the landing-stage:

We come-a da Ritz, old! Who goes da ticket? You wants Sloane Square, signor! But you tells me Harrods—down it middle! Oho, signor, you knows da right from da left, o'f' dees?

And away he goes, singing in his sweet tenor voice that exquisite aria: *Se non è vero, se non è vero!*

If you tremble . . . suggestion to the London County Council and the Ministry of Transport.



THE LEAGUE: "I'm glad you've taken him on—I'd much sooner die a natural death."

"MILLIONS FLEEING BEFORE ROARING FLAMES."

LAST DEVASTATING CONVULSION OF DYING VOLCANO.

"Several millions of people for two days and nights rushed away from the roaring flames in one frightened mob, forced back to man's elementary struggle for self-preservation."

This vivid glimpse of one aspect of the great Japanese disaster occurs in a graphic message from Iwaki. "The disaster is undoubtedly the greatest in the world's history," says the writer, referring to the area affected, damage done and the number of sufferers.

Mr. Clarence Dubose, the United States Press Manager in Tokio, gives a graphic summary of the disaster. The shock, he says, was the dying convulsion of the volcano Oshima, off the coast near Yokohama.

Simultaneously with the earthquake the volcano erupted, then collapsed and sank into the sea.

From the spot where the island stood a great tidal wave rushed on the Japanese coast, engulfing Yokohama, which was still trembling under the earthquake.

So tremendous was the disaster that no accurate figures of deaths and casualties are obtainable. Its total, according to reports now coming in, would include practically the total value of almost every large Japanese business enterprise in all the cities of Tokio and practically all Yokohama and in the extremely rich industrial manufacturing districts in the area between the two cities.

Though few foreigners were killed in Tokio, it is estimated that 300 perished in Yokohama.

Yokohama is almost entirely ruined and is now a mere pile of wreckage. Entire business districts of Tokio were obliterated, excepting the skyscraper district, where buildings are still standing, but virtually ruined. Many of them are mere skeletons, blackened and twisted by fire, and everything burnable is gone.

LIKE WESTERN WAR-FRONT.

People in Tokio displayed marvelous morale when the disaster came and immediately afterwards.

Today millions of homeless continue smiling and strive to fight off privation and to re-establish themselves and their families.

The Army and Navy are rushing food, and large forces are being concentrated in the task of restoring the water system which was broken in many places by the earth writhings. It is believed that both famine and epidemic have been avoided, though vast suffering is unavoidable. Splendid order is maintained.

The devastation reminds one of the scenes on the Western front during the war, whatever stood on the earth being simply blasted into nothingness. Scenes among the refugees are too terrible and dramatic for description. Several millions of peoples for two days and nights rushed away from the roaring flames in one frightened mob, forced back to man's elementary struggle for self-preservation.

Destitute survivors fill every park space in the Tokio district. They keep constantly moving and shouting the names of missing relatives and members of their families.

Undoubtedly the disaster is the greatest in the world's history from the standpoint of the area desolated, the property destroyed, and the number of people made homeless.

At the Grand Hotel, Yokohama, the rumblings that presaged the devastation began while most of the 200 guests were lunching. Few escaped death.

Mr. Holmes, British Consul General, is dead, says Reuter, quoting a "Chicago Tribune" correspondent.

In the United Club were 200 others, and hardly one escaped. The building collapsed upon them. The Oriental Palace Hotel was swallowed up in a vast chasm, and the guests had not a moment's warning.

All the houses on the Bluff came down at once, killed and injured being metrically buried. Shrieks and cries for help were perforce unheeded, for no help was at hand.

The Court and Cherry-mount hotels were raised from their foundations and buried in ruins down the steep, sixteen children in a French orphanage were killed.

WAVE OF DEATH.

Fifteen miles from Yokohama the seaside village of Kamakura was overwhelmed by the tidal wave that followed the earth's upheaval, and every house was destroyed. Hundreds of holiday people who were bathing were washed to sea or thrown violently on shore and killed. There were 200 foreigners in the place, but so far no news of their fate has been received.

Five hundred British are said to be on the way home in various ships. Among the survivors are four ex-actant mothers, who are being nursed in a private residence. Several children were born while their mothers were on board relief ships bound for Kure.

There is martial law at Yokohama. At Tokio 135,000 people are homeless. Five hundred military cadets guard the embassies and legations.

News of the fate of many British is coming to hand. A Reuter message states that Bishop Henslett, of South Tokyo, and the Rev. Stanley Hughes, of the S.P.G., and his wife, and the Rev. S. Applewell are safe. From other sources it is understood that the Rev. and Mrs. T. J. Spence, Misses Tanner, Somerville, Wootley, Holmes and Dr. Anne Burrow, Misses Shepherd, Trot, Wordsworth, Dorothy Chope, and Mrs. Edward Rickersteth, indirect news to the S.P.G., indicates the safety of Rev. O. St. M. Forrester, Rev. E. Strong, and Rev. E. Spackman. The fate of the Rev. and Mrs. Sharpe, Miss Phillips, the Rev. and Mrs. Shaw, the Rev. Gemmells and Miss Balfour is still in doubt.

Messrs. Vickers, Limited, have heard from Major R. H. Winder, their Asiatic supervisor. He and his family, and Mr. George Barr, the firm's representative in Japan, are safe.

Mr. Thomas G. Ely, manager of the Asiatic Petroleum Company, is safe, as also is Miss Eva Drew, of the Bluff, Yokohama. Both are said to be natives of Ramsey, Hampshire.

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson and their child, of Blackburn, have perished.

On reaching Southampton yesterday from New York a Japanese passenger sent off 750 postcards to inquire after the fate of his friends.

The following British staff of Messrs. Sayle and Frazar, Ltd., Tokio and Yokohama, are reported safe, with their families:—

E. W. Frazar, Miss C. L. Smith, A. G. Curtis, H. A. Chapman, P. S. Booth, C. L. Green, Miss S. W. Russell, J. H. Madden, Miss V. Darcel, J. L. Walton, V. C. Aurell, A. Duntaz, F. W. Ayres, John Struthers, Mrs. F. E. Gibbs, Miss A. I. Patton, P. Keeble, Miss A. King, Mrs. E. K. Spencer, H. Carey, E. A. Blain-Leisk, E. Greig, Miss A. Dyer, J. R. Collie, R. C. Bowden, F. F. Carter, W. W. Purdus, S. Bruce, W. B. Cranch, H. J. Taylor, H. W. Nelson, A. L. J. Dewette, T. J. Nedderman, Miss N. G. Osborne, G. B. Slater, H. H. Campbell, Miss C. Swift, D. McKee, V. Stevens.

ENGLISH WOMAN'S WARNING.

Miss Rudge, daughter of a Stafford magistrate, and a school teacher in China, who has been on holiday in Japan, is safe.

Her last letter home contained remarkable facts.

Whilst bathing at the end of July with a friend in Hakone Lake, they noticed that the level of the water had subsided, and they were unable to dive as usual. Great consternation, Miss Rudge wrote, was caused by the sinking of water in this and other lakes in that district, this being regarded as the forerunner of possible volcanic activity.

The Queen has sent £250 to the Lord Mayor's Fund.

Two entertainments are being arranged by the Lotus Club, Brighton, to raise funds for the earthquake sufferers.

The Australian Government has cabled £10,000 to Japan. Relief funds amount already to £100,000.

A first instalment of £25,000 was sent yesterday to the Japanese Ambassador by the Mansion House Relief Fund, which yesterday has reached £70,000.

SAFETY OF OFFICIALS.

The Japanese Embassy has received an official despatch from the Foreign Office, Tokio, stating:—

The American Ambassador, his wife and staff are safe except Miss Doris Babbitt, killed at Yokohama. Acting American Consul-General and wife at Yokohama were killed.

German Ambassador, family and staff, Belgian Ambassador, family and staff, Danish Charge d'Affaires and family, French Ambassador family and staff are all safe. French Consul-General at Yokohama was killed.

British Charge d'Affaires, family and staff, British Consul General at Yokohama, Italian Ambassador and his staff, Norwegian Charge d'Affaires, Netherlands Minister and staff, Polish Minister and staff, Portuguese Charge d'Affaires and staff, Swedish Minister and staff, Swiss Minister and staff are all safe.

DEARER "SEASONS."

A protest against the proposed new season ticket rates was wholeheartedly supported at a conference at Memorial Hall, E.C., representing twenty-two organisations.

An offer made by the railway companies in a letter read at the conference to meet a committee of representatives of passengers' associations to discuss the proposed new standardised season-ticket rates, which are in many cases dearer than at present, has been accepted.

STREET TRADERS.

The part played by street traders in keeping down prices was emphasised at a meeting of the National Association of Street Traders, at Anderson's Hotel.

In appealing for support to prevent new regulations being imposed by the Street Trading Bill, speakers suggested that the object of those who were backing the measure was to clear the way for more profiteering.

Mr. Tom Bubb, the "Coaster King," said the motto of the street traders was "Live and let live."

LONDON BREVITIES.

Rossini's "Stabat Mater" will be given with full orchestra at 3.15 p.m. to-day at St. Clement Danes Church, Strand.

The Queen has contributed a china bowl to the Mansion House bazaar in aid of the Fleet-at-Work for St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

At the Royal Botanical Gardens yesterday a fête was held attended by the members of the Dutch Colony in this country in celebration of the silver jubilee of Queen Wilhelmina.

The largest automatic private branch telephone exchange in the country, that at the new County Hall, came into existence yesterday, when the manual service was transferred to automatic working.

Mr. A. Buchanan, J.P. (of the Norfolk Searchlight), will address the Norfolk Brotherhood this afternoon, at 3 p.m., in the Council School, Winterbourne-rd., Thornton Heath, on "A Brotherhood Democracy."

In aid of the Mansion House Fund for the victims of the Japanese earthquake, a special matinee performance of the travel film "The Cradle of the World" will be given at 2.30 p.m. to-morrow at the Philharmonic Hall, W.

Six Bohmer's successful "thriller," "The Eye of Silva," will be transferred on Monday, September 17, to the Strand Theatre. The play will continue at the New Theatre to September 18, so there will be no break in the continuity of the performances.

The Shoreditch Children's Outing Fund appeals for donations to enable them to take 450 mentally deficient and crippled children to the beach at Bournemouth on September 22. Contributions should be forwarded to Councillor S. P. L. Belcher, 45, Windsor-terrace, N.1.



THE CANAL STRIKE.—Sixty barges are held up at Braunston, near Daventry. The photograph shows some of the members of one family in their floating home.

INVASION OF FLIES.

PEOPLE COMPELLED TO GO INDOORS.

Swarms of flies visited Deal yesterday, and people were compelled to go indoors.

Boatmen and anglers reported that out at sea they saw great black patches of flies floating dead on the water, whilst they were themselves surrounded by thousands of others.

Pleasure parties who landed on the Goodwins at low tide report a similar experience there. The pests were there in millions, covering and crawling over the hard sandbank.

COSTLY "CUDDLE."

MAN'S INSULT TO YOUNG WOMEN

At North London police court George Robert Howell (25), former mate of Hoxton-road, Hackney, was charged with insulting behaviour at Mare-street, Hackney.

Constable Oliver said he saw Howell catch hold of two young women round their waists. They screamed and one complained to him: Howell repeated the conduct to two other women.

Howell declared that he must have been mistaken for someone else. He was fined 25s. and 10s. costs to compensate two of the young women who attended to give evidence.

THE COMMITTEE FAILS.

TALE OF A VILLAGE CLUB. By CHRIS.



Mrs. Tartweed.

his way by the toe of his slippers catching in the bedroom carpet. For a moment or two Mr. Tartweed hesitated, while his rather feverish hand spread out in the direction of the water jug.

"Yes, my dear," he said. "It was one of the largest and most enthusiastic meetings of the Darcham Football Club that has ever taken place at the King's Arms this year."

"You always seem to be in the King's Arms," sneered Mrs. Tartweed.

"Who was there? First of all there was Hoax—"

"Hoax," said Mrs. Tartweed; "why he's ninety, if he's a day."

"Old as he is," remarked Mr. Tartweed, "he's always believed in being up-to-date."

"I should say so," said Mrs. Tartweed, "but what does he know about football?"

"Lots," said her thirsty partner, making himself useful with the water jug. "His brother is a razor-strop merchant."

"Stop merchant," snorted Mrs. Tartweed. "What's that to do with the game?"

"Well, ain't footballs made of leather?" rebutted Mr. Tartweed. "Then there was Beedles. Good, old Beedles. He sees every football match."

"When he's sober," interpolated the fair occupant of the state bed.

"Bert Sprinter," continued the sharer of her pleasures and woes, getting on steadily with his narrative and the contents of the water jug.

"Bert Sprinter," sarcastically laughed out Mrs. Tartweed. "Why, he has a wooden leg. My, some committee!"

"Well," said Mr. Tartweed, "didn't Nelson, although he had only one arm, win our greatest sea victory?"

"Perhaps," sentimentally remarked the fair lady of his heart. "But Bert Sprinter won't win the greatest victory that ever took place in a muddy football field with a wooden leg."

"Are all the forty members of the committee going to play?" innocently inquired Mrs. Tartweed.

"Of course not. Do you think it's an annual riot? What is the matter with you, Helen?" said her husband.

For Ward Clapham, Head Clerk, Industries and Commerce, and Northampton, NANTAL, SPECIALIST, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

A LEWIS "GUN" ON VACCINATION.

SHOP-WINDOW PROTEST BY FAMOUS DRAPER.

"Walking along Oxford-st. yesterday," writes a correspondent, "I was surprised to see a bill bearing a curious statement, posted in the window of the shops belonging to the establishment of John Lewis and Co., the head of which is Mr. John Lewis, well known in London as a man of forceful personality. It ran:—

VACCINATION

is

A disgrace to the

Medical Faculty

and

Must Be Made a

CRIMINAL OFFENCE.

Astonished at this novel idea of shop window publicity, I went inside and asked to see Mr. John Lewis.

After being refused by several dignitaries I succeeded in reaching the outer sanctum of the expert on the evils of vaccination.

"Do you want to argue with Mr. Lewis?" asked the secretary, "because I don't think he will see you."

"No," I said, "I don't want to argue with him. I merely want to discuss the subject with him with the idea of obtaining his further opinion on such an important matter."

Remembering that she thought my chances of seeing Mr. Lewis were remote, the young woman withdrew. Minutes went by until I began to think I was stranded in the shop. At length she returned.

"Mr. Lewis says he cannot see you. He is very busy having his lunch, and he does not wish to discuss the question with anybody."

Other callers who have attempted to solve the problem of Mr. Lewis's ban on vaccination met with similar failure. What London wants to know is why Mr. Lewis insists on thrusting his opinion on the public in this manner, and why does he refuse to give a reason for the presence of the quaint bill in his shop window?

THESE FREEDOMS!

MR. LLOYD GEORGE IN AND OUT OF LUCK.

Mr. Lloyd George is still busy collecting "freedoms."

In the space of a few hours yesterday, during which he visited five of the chief centres in South Wales, he added those of Brecon, Llandovery, Carmarthen, apart from a mixed bag of presents, in which Mrs. Lloyd George shared.

He has, however, lost the freedom of Aberavon—plus a silver casket—for going to a change of personnel in the Town Council, while he has placed Hull in a singular dilemma.

Shortly after the termination of the war, Hull City Council resolved to confer the freedom of the city on Earl Beatty, Earl Haig, and Mr. Lloyd George, and prepared three handsome caskets in anticipation of the ceremony.

The Admiral and the Field-Marshal collected their trophies three years ago, but the ex-Premier has not yet found time to visit the city for the purpose.

In his speech at Brecon yesterday Mr. Lloyd George sharply criticised the attitude of various Continental nations towards Britain, and expressed himself as "shocked" at the depreciation of this country's effort in the war by M. Poincare.

Modest heroine.

Miss Agnes E. Hicks, of 45, Fairbridge-rd., Upper Holloway, who, as reported in our issue of Sunday last, saved a little girl from being run over by a motor lorry and then refused to disclose her identity, writes:—

"I should like to thank, through 'The People,' E.T.M. of Roebury-avenue, E.C. for expressing her thanks to me. I only did my duty—what everyone else would have done if they saw anyone in danger."

£5,000 for 2/6

You may win this First Prize—
In any case you will help a good cause.

You can afford to lose half-a-crown, that's certain. But if you do lose, there's still another certainty, you will give happiness to one of many thousand helpless blind. So, in your full enjoyment of the most precious gift of sight, help the work of the National Institute for the Blind. It is a work that cannot stop, great though its need. It must not stop. You can help it, and maybe enrich yourself, by investing a trifle in the

Blind Ballot

in aid of the National Institute for the Blind
(Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920)

Some of the greatest names in the land are on the Committee—Soldiers, Sailors, Statesmen, Poets, Painters. They know, and feel. Won't you? You may win £5,000 for five sixpences. There are nearly a hundred prizes—in all £10,000 worth. You may make a fortune, and if you lose your half-crown you are certain to give happiness to someone.

Ticket may be obtained from any branch of The National Institute for the Blind, from the Army and Navy Stores, the Haymarket Stores, Keith Prosser and Co., The Civil Service Supply Association, etc., or from 55, Church Street, Blackpool; 12, Oxford Street, Manchester; or by posting the coupon below to the Hon. Treasurer, Blind Ballot, Police Chambers, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

Please send me _____ 2/6 Ticket(s).

I enclose P.O. value _____ and stamped addressed envelope.

Name _____

Address _____

P.L. _____ (Please write distinctly and in ink.)

It was a question of too much committee and too little team.

ARMY NOTES

LESS THAN THE DOLE FOR TOMMY!

By "TOMMY ATKINS."

Redistributing the Troops.

THE development of Caterick Camp, Yorkshire, "the new Aldershot of the North," is going ahead.

This move was first forecast in "The People" last winter. At the same time I pointed out that there was a good case, a subscribed to by many senior officers, for withdrawing troops from coastal and other garrisons and concentrating them for training purposes in the three great centres of Aldershot, Caterick and Salisbury. Why not?

We are told that the Dover Naval Base is no more. The aeroplane is now apparently the dominating factor in home defence. Why, then, do we want three infantry regiments at Dover and the same number at Shorncliffe, and a stone's throw away. The Garrison Artillery, reinforced by aeroplanes, should surely satisfy the most panicky shorewarder in view of the fact that the Great War demonstrated nothing else so clearly as that invasion from the sea is no longer within the region of practical warfare.

For months past the troops at Dover have been expecting that the infantry garrison will be moved to some inland station such as Aldershot, where really practical intensive training might be substituted for aimless perambulating around obsolete forts and guns and midwives' rounds of Army stores, to say nothing of mounting those eternal stairs at the Main Shaft Barracks and the Bears' Den. There might be cries of alarm at the expression of any intention to take all infantry troops out of the big coastal barracks and concentrate them in the three large established training camps.

CALL FOR REDISTRIBUTION.

There are senior officers, for example, who just note on "cushy quarters" in coastal towns, whereas Aldershot, Salisbury or Caterick might mean hard work in the open air. The local tradesmen would also not be happy if the troops were to go. But the claims of training are particularly important on a large scale, which is impossible when troops of a command are distributed over long miles of coast. It is more urgent the more the Army becomes, and clearly with the return of our troops from Turkey the time has come for the War Office to put its house in order. It is not that it does not know anything of the rumours of withdrawal from Dover, but the fact remains that this was mooted in a local official monthly bulletin just about a year ago and one may ask why, on the withdrawal of troops from Ireland, was no infantry regiment sent to Portsmouth, although there is room there for quite 4,000?

THE PAY CUTS.

Will rates of pay that are less than the unemployment rate give any recruits worth for a voluntary Army that has to police the world? The Anderson Committee has made its report—but the above is the only point in the report which is not a hardy cry on the Army Annual Report—a more serious affair—and it says: "The unemployment donation, supplemented by

grants from local authorities, has undoubtedly kept many men out of the ranks of the Army."

Well, the new revised rate of pay, as suggested, is less than the unemployment dole! If a man makes himself proficient by securing a second-class certificate of education before leaving the regimental depot, the extra pay he thereby secures still leaves his total short of the unemployment dole. There are comparisons in the Report on civilian rates of pay, but—the soldier of the future will have the privilege of doing at any remote outpost of Empire in return for what he gets and for, at least, at least, it will be less than the civilian's "idle money." Who would envy the lot of the recruiting authorities under such conditions? The Annual Report of the Army said that another factor which militated against the success of recruiting last year was the political situation in Ireland, where the troops were called upon to face hardships. The recruiting-sergeant may be a bit of an optimist, but he would need to be a big bit of an optimist to recruit the unemployed men, that is, to relinquish his fifteen bob and his cinema visits in exchange for 10s. 6d. and "hardships" in Palestine, Egypt or the North West Frontier.

HOW TO SAVE RECRUITING.

I foreboded in "The People" of July 1st, with sundry small increases; the new rate is 1s. 6d., with sundry small increases. This is but 50 per cent. over the dole, but it is a step in the right direction, and it is a step which is not taken by any other army in the world. The new rates may have to be entrusted their lives and their health to India, Africa, the Sudan, Persia and the North West Frontier. And the cost-of-living increase over the figure of 1914 is more than 50 per cent. The new rates may have to be entrusted their lives and their health to India, Africa, the Sudan, Persia and the North West Frontier.

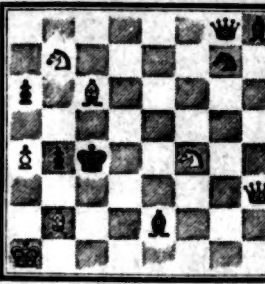
The financial situation of the country undoubtedly is a serious one, and since the Army Council are convinced that this can be achieved without "serious" harm to recruiting, the matter must be left there. The Army Council may be contemplating as a counterblast to any damping effect which the new rates may have on recruiting any one of a number of devices: (1) a more intensive recruiting campaign being the new rates come into force, or short-service enlistment or inflation of the reserves by other means, or freedom of the lower pay men from liability for foreign service, or some system of bounties or deferred pay, or the re-introduction of the time-honoured full-dress uniforms to the lower pay men, or some combination of these. The Army Council may be contemplating as a counterblast to any damping effect which the new rates may have on recruiting any one of a number of devices: (1) a more intensive recruiting campaign being the new rates come into force, or short-service enlistment or inflation of the reserves by other means, or freedom of the lower pay men from liability for foreign service, or some system of bounties or deferred pay, or the re-introduction of the time-honoured full-dress uniforms to the lower pay men, or some combination of these.

SOME GOOD POINTS.

The good points in the report, so far as can be seen at present, are that future service rates are to be revised to correspond with pay rates, that lodging allowances and marriage allowances are to stand the latter, after all, are liable to cost-of-living variations, and that men who are sent to the front to second lieutenants will be paid as lieutenants. It remains to be seen how far Parliament will endorse the recommendations of the Anderson Committee. The War Office should at the earliest possible moment make quite clear to the country the exact date from which the reduced pay rates will have effect!

CHESS: By A. R. CONNOR.

PROBLEM No. 22.
By E. R. Connor, Canada.
BLACK—Seven Pieces.



WHITE—Seven Pieces.
White has two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 24 (Continued).
Key move: 1. P-K3. Black has no move.

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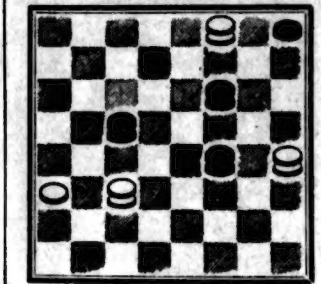
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DRAUGHTS: By J. M. ROBERTS.

PROBLEM No. 22.
By J. M. Roberts, Canada.
BLACK.



WHITE—Seven Pieces.
White has two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 24 (Continued).
Key move: 1. P-K3. Black has no move.

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THE POULTRY RUN

Care of Fowls after the Hatching Season.

HATCHING has finished in the majority of poultry yards, and yet in many of the latter the male birds are still running with their mates.

It is a great mistake to let the male birds with the hens beyond the time they are required to fertilize eggs, as such a procedure wastes the vitality of such birds, whilst, on the other hand, their mates are subjected to unnecessary strain. The hens will be showing signs of the moult, and will be safer out of the males' company, as moulting hens are apt to get their new feathers stirred up by frequent matings.

The male bird that has accounted for a high percentage of fertility in the eggs laid by his mate is worthy of a place in next season's breeding pen. The owner of such a bird will, in 1924, be breeding from a bird of which something is known.

It is a mistake, however, to retain adult male birds throughout the autumn and winter unless such birds can be given roomy quarters in which to exercise themselves. Close confinement, coupled with inactivity, will render the birds unfit for the breeding pen.

Cockbirds that are to be retained for next season's breeding pens may be run together if an old bird is placed among them to keep them in order. Quarrelling among the birds will be less likely to occur if they are placed where they cannot see the opposite sex.

When the best of the cockbirds have been selected, the rest should be either cleared out or fattened for use on the dining table.

Birds that are of the light breed order may gain considerably in weight if they are given a process, but fat will take the place of moisture in their bodies, and the latter, instead of being dry and coarse to the palate, will be juicy and tender.

Birds that are to be fattened should be cooped in a quiet and shady part of the poultry yard, and should be fed in two or three meals a day on a mixture of succulent roots and skim or separated milk.

Fattening the ground sets, a mixture of barley meal, middlings, and molasses should be given in small quantities, and should be given twice daily, say at 7 a.m. and again at 7 p.m. Ground feed should be given at midday and should be given in a "vach" of the birds at all times. Three weeks' feeding should suffice to get the birds into good edible condition.

THE GUP BIRD.
All communications to "The People," 40, Wellington Street, London, W.C.2, should be sent to the Editor, "The People," 40, Wellington Street, London, W.C.2.

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THE OPEN ROAD.

How to Enjoy Cycling when Middle-Aged.

By "W. W. COLE."

Lighting-up Time 10-day, 7.59 a.m. If a middle-aged or elderly rider desires to ride with pleasure and comfort, he must take pains to keep himself in good condition by riding regularly. If only for short distances, a cyclist should ride for a month or so, the riding muscles must be brought into tone again. With young men this is a comparatively easy job, but for middle-aged riders must be made a matter of discipline, and must be made a matter of discipline.

After a month's abstinence from riding, the first rides should be short ones of not more than five miles at a time, and not more than twice a day. If this is done for two or three days, longer rides can be indulged in, and at the end of a fortnight the process has been sufficiently graduated, the rider will find himself back in his old form. He must, however, be very careful not to hurry, as because he finds he can do it, he will be tempted to try 25 or 30.

It is a certain thing that among the elderly riders nearly all of them are men who have been excellent riders for many years, and it is to say, they have never allowed themselves to get entirely out of form and condition. This state of things is kept up, more or less, by the fact that they are not physically fit to get on their feet, practically any age; but once over the hill of cycling, say, for a year or two, when at an advanced age, they find it is no longer a pleasure, and they are not able to get into proper riding condition is so lengthy and wearisome a process that there are many who never attempt it again. All this is due to the fact that if you wish to continue to enjoy cycling to an old age, you must never allow yourself to get absolutely out of cycling fitness.

EAST ANGLIAN CENTRES.
Many of the industrial centres of England are surrounded by beautiful and pleasant cycling country. There is Lincoln, for example, and the adjoining Wolds. Lincoln is a magnificent cathedral and other objects of interest. It is situated in the heart of a wide area of open country, and is a very pleasant place to visit. It is situated in the heart of a wide area of open country, and is a very pleasant place to visit.

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The Trusty Friend.

CHAPTER XXXV.

LONG, curling wave ran up the shingle and broke in a snow-white sheet of foam below Dinah's feet. She was perched on a higher ridge of shingle, bareheaded, full in the glare of the mid-June sunlight. Her brown hands were locked tightly around her knees. Her small, pointed face looked wistfully over the sea.

Into the midst of her meditations there came a slow, halting step. It fell on the angle behind her, reaching her above the roar of the breakers, and instantly a flood of colour rushed up over her face and neck.

Sharply she turned. "Scott!" She was on her feet in a second with hands outstretched in welcome.

"Oh, how you startled me! How good of you to come so soon! I—shouldn't have left the house if I had known."

"I came at once," he said simply. "But I have only just got here. I saw you sitting on the shore and came straight to you. What news?"

"She turned her face and looked over the sea. 'I'm sure I don't know what,' she said, with a catch in her voice. 'Is—Isabel—were going to live, if—I could only have her always, I should be quite happy. I shouldn't want anything else. But without her—life without her—after these two months—' her voice broke and she wept."

"I know," Scott said. "I should have felt the same myself not so long ago. I have let you slip into my place, you see; and it comes hard on you now. But don't forget our friendship, Dinah! Don't forget me here!"

He saw that she did not wish to pursue the subject and put it gently aside. "Shall we go in?" he asked, looking like a boy at hand when Isabel awakes."

"Do you," she said, speaking with evident effort, "think that—Eustace should be sent for?"

"Does she want him?" said Scott. "I don't know. She never speaks of him. But then—she may be for my sake. She hasn't seen him for these two months—since we left Perrythorpe."

"No," Scott said gravely. "I know. Dinah was silent for a brief space; then she braided herself for another effort. 'Scott, I don't want to be—in anyone's way. If—she would like to—' he said, and he didn't want to go."

"Because of me, I—must go, that's all," she spoke with resolution, and, pausing at the gate that led off the beach to the garden, looked him straight in the face.

"I want you," she said rather breathlessly, "to find out if—that is so. And if it is—"

"My dear, you needn't be afraid," Scott said. "I am quite sure that Eustace wouldn't wish to drive you away. You know—I don't think you've ever realised that he loves Isabel."

Dinah gave him a difficult smile. "You always put things right," she said. "He lifted his shoulders with a whimsical expression. 'The magnifying-glass again!'" he said.

"No," she protested. "No. I see you are."

"Then you see a very ordinary citizen," he said. But Dinah shook her head. "A knight in disguise," she said.

Tense Scene.

The trains from the junction to Heath-west were few and invariably late. One had been passing the platform for an hour on the evening of the day that followed his own arrival as a line of distant smoke told of the coming of the train he was awaiting.

Sir Eustace was out of the train before anyone else. He met his brother with the impetuosity of one who cannot stop for greeting.

"Ah, Stumpy! I'm not too late!" There was strain upon his face also as he hung the question, and in an instant Scott's look had changed. He grasped the outgoing hand.

"No, no, old fellow! It's all right. She's looking forward to seeing you."

"And Dinah?" he said then. Again Scott glanced upwards, his pale eyes very resolute. "Yes, Dinah is still here. Her people seem quite indifferent as to what becomes of her, and Isabel wishes to keep her with her. I hope—"

he hesitated momentarily. "I hope you will bear in mind the extreme difficulty of her situation."

Sir Eustace passed over the low words. "And what is going to happen to her—afterwards?" he said.

"Heaven knows!" Scott spoke as one compelled.

Dinah met them in the rose-twined porch. There was a deep flush in her cheeks; her eyes were very bright, but she looked very nervous.

She shook hands with Eustace, and he alone was aware of the tremor that ran through her whole being as she did so.



GREAT HEART

A POWERFUL LOVE STORY
By Ethel M. Dell



only thought I would just place myself completely at your disposal in case—some day—you might be willing to give me the chance to serve you in any capacity whatever. There! It is over. We are as we were—friends."

He smiled at her with the words, and after a moment stooped and lightly touched her fingers with his lips.

"Come!" he said gently. "I haven't frightened you anywhere. Have I?"

"No," she whispered. His hand clasped hers for a second or two longer, then quietly let it go.

"Don't be distressed," he said. "I will never do it again. I am now—and always—your trusty friend."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Last Summons.

THINK is taught in life more solemn than the waiting death that falls before the coming of that great Change which men call Death. The awe of it and the wonder hang night and day over the lives of the human race.

It was on a stormy evening at the beginning of July that Dinah was sitting alone in the little creep-crawled veranda watching the wonderful greens and purples of the sea, when Eustace came soft-footed through the window behind her and sat down in a chair close by which Scott had vacated a few minutes before.

"Isabel expecting me?" she asked. "Ought I to go?"

"Ought I to go?" she asked. "Ought I to go?"

"Ought I to go?" she asked. "Ought I to go?"

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Scott went up the stairs as calmly as if he had entered the house without interruption. Someone was sobbing pitifully behind a closed door, but he did not turn in that direction. He moved straight to the door of Isabel's room, as a voice had called him.

And on the threshold Scott met him, her black eyes darkly mysterious, her wrinkled face drawn with awe rather than grief.

"Master Scott, and is it yourself?" she whispered. "I was coming to fetch you—coming to tell you. It's the call; she's had her last summons. Falla, and I almost heard it myself. She'll be gone by morning, the blessed lamb. There'll be no holding her after this."

Scott passed her by without a word. He went straight to his sister's bedside.

"Oh, Stumpy, is it you?" she said. Her breathing was quick and irregular, but it did not seem to hurt her. "I've had—such a wonderful dream. Or could it have been a vision?"

He bent and took her hand in his. His eyes were infinitely tender. All the prayers he had wiped out of his face.

"It may have been a vision, dear," he said. Her look brightened; she smiled. "He was here—in this room—with me," she said.

And—she held out her arms to him. Oh, Stumpy! I almost thought—I was going with him then. But—I think I shall stay here. I shall rest in the morning," he said. And while I was still looking, he was gone.

She began to pant. He stooped and raised her chin to him with all her waiting strength. "Stumpy! Stumpy! You will help me—through the night!"

"My darling, you say. 'It won't be—good—bye,' she urged softly. 'You will be coming too—very soon.'"

"God grant it!" he said, under his breath. Her hand clung to his. Again faintly she smiled. "Ah, Stumpy," she said, "but you are going to be very happy first, my dear—my dear!"

The night fell like a black veil, starless and still. Up the stairs came the watchers came and went, dividing the hours. She may slip away without waking. The nurse whispered once to Dinah, who had her eyes to her ears. "It's the last. There is no more."

Dinah did not think that she was asleep, but yet during all her vigil the white light had not stirred, no spark of vitality had touched the marble floor. Her hand clung to his. Again faintly she smiled. "Ah, Stumpy," she said, "but you are going to be very happy first, my dear—my dear!"

He passed a moment, touched her forehead. "Go and rest, child," he said. "I will call you if she wakes."

As she moved to leave, he saw her eyes were closed, but he did not stir. A lamp lay across her path, like a barrier. She may slip away without waking. The nurse whispered once to Dinah, who had her eyes to her ears. "It's the last. There is no more."

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rush of tears—"that—that when I knew—I felt as if—I couldn't—go on with life!"

Her weeping was pitiful; it shook her from head to foot. But—in her very midst of her distress—there came to her a wonder so great that it checked her tears at the height of their flow. For very suddenly it dawned upon her that Scott—Scott, her knight of the golden armour—was kneeling at her feet.

Half in wonder and half in awe, she lifted her head and looked at him. And in that moment he took her two hands and kissed them. Tenderly, reverently, lingeringly, as if he were afraid to let her go.

"Was this what you and Eustace were talking about this afternoon?" he said.

She nodded. "I had to tell him—why—I couldn't marry you. He—he had been—"

"But, my own Dinah," he said, and in his voice was a quaver half-quizzical yet strangely charged with emotion, did you ever seriously imagine that I should allow a second little detail like that to come between us? Surely Eustace knew better than that!"

He bent and kissed her forehead, scarcely heeding that she heard. "He—you—can you mean," she faltered, "that—it really—doesn't count?"

"No, I don't think so," Scott spoke very softly, with the utmost tenderness into her ear. "Don't you realise," he said, "that we belong to each other? Could there possibly be anyone else for either of us?"

She did not answer him; only she clung a little closer. And, after a moment, as she felt the drawing of his hand. "Don't kiss me—yet!" she begged him tremulously. "Let us wait till—this morning!"

"It is very near the morning now," he said. "Shall we go and wait for it?"

They rose together. Dinah's eyes sought his for the first time, falling instantly as if half-dazzled, half-afraid. He took her hand and led her quietly from the room.

Several moments passed, and then softly he returned.

"No change!" he whispered. "Eustace will call us—when it comes."

She slipped her hand back into his, without speaking. He made her sit upon the window-seat, and knelt himself upon it, his arm about her shoulders, his fingers clasping hers.

She could see his face but vaguely in the dimness, but many times during that holy hour before the dawn, though he spoke no word, she felt that he was praying or giving thanks.

Slowly the twilight turned into a velvet dawn. The great Change was drawing near. The silence lay like a thickening veil of mist upon the mountain side. The clouds were parting in the east, all tinged with gold, like burnished gates flung back for the royal coming of the sun-god. The stillness that lay upon all the waiting earth was sacred as the hush of prayer.

Their faces were turned towards the spreading glow. It shone upon them as it shone upon all beside, widening, intensifying, till the whole earth lay wrapped in solemn splendour—and

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then at last, through the open gates, red, royal, triumphant, the sun-god came.

There came a moment in which all things were touched with the glory, all things were made new. And in that moment, such as a flash of light, a bird of pure white plumage appeared before their eyes, hovered an instant, then flew, mounting on wide, gleaming wings straight into the sky.

Even while they watched a low voice spoke from the chamber of Death. They turned and saw Eustace standing in the doorway.

He was very white, but absolutely calm. There was a nobility about him at that moment that sent a queer thrill through Dinah's heart. He held out his hand, not to her, but to Scott. "She is gone," he said.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Seventh Heaven.

THEY were married in the early morning at the little old church that had nestled for centuries among its trees in the village on the cliff. The absolute simplicity of the service deprived it of all terrors for Dinah. Standing with Scott in the glow of sunlight that smote full upon them through the melior windows, she could not feel afraid. The whole world was so bright, so full of joy.

Do you think Isabel can see us now?" she whispered to him as they rose together from kneeling before the altar.

He did not answer her in words, but his pale eyes were shining with that steadfast light of the spirit which she had come to know. Scott wished she could have knelt there by his side a little longer. They seemed to be so near to the Gates of Heaven.

Ridley was very good. Probably in accordance with Scott's desire, she made a great effort to throw off all gloom, and unobtrusively even a sense of loss and bereavement was greatly lessened by the consciousness of Dinah's need of her.

"Time enough to weep later," she told herself, as she lay down in the room adjoining Dinah's in that first night in the flower house. "She'll not be wanting old Biddy when Master Scott comes to her."

It was late in the evening, when dusk was falling, that there came the sound of an uneven tread on the gravel path before the flower house.

Dinah was the first to hear it. Dinah wearing one of Biddy's voluminous aprons and mounted on a pair of steps, arranged things on a high shelf that ran round the old square hall.

The front-door was open, and the birds were singing in the gloaming. She had been listening to them while she worked, when suddenly this new sound came. Her heart gave a wild leap and stood still. She had not expected him to-night.

She sat down on the top of the steps with a swift, indescribable rush of feeling that seemed to deprive her of all her strength. She could not have said for the moment if she were afraid or dismayed, at the sound of that quiet footfall.

But she was quite powerless to go and meet him. A great wave of shyness rushed her, possessing her, overwhelming her. He entered. He came straight to her. She wondered afterwards what he must have thought of her, sitting there on her perch in burning embarrassment, with no word or sign of welcome.

But whatever he thought, he dealt with the situation with soaring instinct. He mounted a couple of steps, his hands stretched up to hers. "Why, my Dinah!" he said. "Now boys you are! Let me help!"

Her heart throbbed on again, fast and hard. But still for a few seconds she could not speak. She stooped with a soft, endearing sound and laid her face upon the hands that had clasped her own.

He suffered her for a moment or two in silence; she thought his hands trembled

slightly. Then: "Let's get finished, little wife!" he said gently. "Isn't the day's work nearly over? Can't we take off our sandals—and rest?"

"I have just done," she said, fending her voice. "Biddy and I have got through such a lot. Oh, Scott, as the light fell upon his face, how tired you look! He made answer. 'I didn't think I could get over here to-night; but Eustace insisted!'"

"How good of him!" she said, with quick gratitude.

"Yes, he is good," Scott's voice was tender. "I couldn't sleep last night and he came into my room, and we had a long talk. He is one of the best, Dinah, one of the best. I'm afraid you've made—rather a poor exchange."

Something in his tone banished the last of Dinah's shyness. She gave him her basket of china and prepared to descend. He stretched up a courteous hand to help her, but she would have none of it. "You are never to say that—or anything like it—again," she said severely. "If—if you weren't so dreadfully tired, I believe I'd be really angry. As it is—"

she reached the ground and stood there before him, a small, purposeful figure, clad in a green gown that wrapped about her like a garment.

"As it is—"

he suggested meekly, setting the basket on a chair and turning back to face her.

Two quivering hands came out to him in the gloaming, and fastened resolutely on his coat. "Oh, Eustace! I love you so much—so much—I want to kiss you!"

"My darling," answered Greatheart softly, "you can't wait! It's more than I do. His arms closed about her; he drew her to his breast."

"Arrah, this, what would I cry for at all?" said Biddy, as she lay down that night. "I've got myself and Master Scott to care for, and I haven't time to cry. The Almighty will remember old Biddy for good, and give another little one into her care."

"And you left them quite happy?" smiled Rose to her lover two days later. "It's a very suitable arrangement, isn't it? I always used to think that Dinah and your brother should make a match."

"Oh, quite suitable," agreed Eustace faintly, on odd brand of irony and satisfaction in his tone. "They will be happy enough. Stumpy, you know, is just the sort of chivalrous sort that a child like Dinah can appreciate. They'll probably live in the seventh heaven, and fancy that no one else has ever been within a million miles of it."

"Poor little Dinah!" murmured Rose. "She will never know what she has missed."

"You can't trust an old fellow," said Mr. Eustace, with his faintly cynical smile.

THE END.

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